THE

POLYANTHOS.

SEPTEMBER, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *THE HON. SAMUEL ADAMS, ESQ.*

Late Governour of Massachusetts.

TO delineate the character of the patriot, the virtuous and useful citizen, and hand it down to posterity, is but a just tribute of respect due to his memory: and, as a great man has remarked, "The exhibiting such characters are also instructive to those who wish to form themselves on whatever of excellence has gone before them." Impressed with the propriety of these sentiments, we introduce to our readers the following account of a late distinguished character.

SAMUEL ADAMS, the eldest son of a respectable gentleman of the same name, was born in Boston, in the year 1722. He was endowed by nature with superiour powers of

mind, which were first cultivated at the grammar-school in that place. He received the publick honours of Harvard University in 1740.

After this he was placed for a short time in the compting-house of Thomas Cushing, Esq. the first of that name who was speaker of the house of representatives. It was soon discovered that wealth was not the favourite object of his pursuit. He considered a mediocrity of circumstances as the most eligible situation. The natural inclination of his mind was to politicks: and having consulted the best authors on government and the natural rights of men, he embraced their sentiments, and became qualified for publick services.

Previous to the American revolution he was known and esteemed as a political writer; and the eyes of his fellow-citizens were fixed on him, as a suitable person to represent them in the General Assembly. He was elected for that purpose in 1765. In this situation he fulfilled the expectations of his constituents. Being strongly attached to the charter-privileges of his native province, he carefully watched the machinations of the mother country, and opposed with firmness every encroachment.

Mr. Adams was one among the early and eminent band of patriots, who wrote in defence of the rights of their country. His writings were not vehement and overbearing,

but were an image of his mind---calm and dispassionate, and at the same time pointed and convincing.

While Mr. Adams was a member of the legislature, he was chosen clerk of the house of representatives: and in 1774 he informed them, that he had in his possession some confidential letters, written by Governour Hutchinson, Lieut. Gov. Oliver, and some other officers, which, by leave of the Court, he would communicate. The letters were accordingly introduced and read. The opinion of the majority of the house was, "That the tendency and design of these letters was to overthrow the constitution of this government, and to introduce arbitrary power into the province." It produced a vote of the house, to petition the king to remove the governour and lieutenant governour from their offices in the province.

In 1774 Mr. Adams was chosen one of the delegates from Massachusetts, to meet delegates appointed by the other colonies at Philadelphia; to take into consideration their grievances, and jointly to apply for redress. He assisted in bringing forward, and signed that memorable act, which forever separated the American States from the jurisdiction of Great-Britain.

In the year 1775, and a few days previous to the battle of Bunker-hill, General Gage issued a proclamation, offering pardon to all "rebels, except *Samuel Adams* and *John Han-*

cock, whose offences," says the proclamation, " are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than *condign punishment*." This proscription was regarded *only* with contempt ; and did not deter either of the gentlemen from persevering in the cause they had espoused.

When the new constitution of Massachusetts was adopted, Mr. Adams was chosen a member of the senate, and for some time presided at that honourable board.

After being several years a member of the executive council, he, in 1789, succeeded General Lincoln, as lieutenant-governour.—In this office he continued till 1794 ; when, at that election, being the next preceding the death of Gov. Hancock, he was chosen governour. In this honourable station the repeated suffrages of his country confirmed him, till the year 1797 ; when being oppressed with age and infirmity, he voluntarily retired from every publick employment.

He departed this life on the morning of Sunday, Oct. 2, 1802, in the 82d year of his age. This event was announced by the tolling of all the bells in the town.

* We cannot close our remarks on his political character, without affirming, that his integrity was proof, not only against all

* For the remainder of this article, and also for a few preceding lines, the editor is indebted to a Sermon, delivered a short time after the death of Mr. Adams, by the Rev. Thomas Thacher, of Dedham.

fear and terrour, but against every species of corruption and blandishment offered him as a temptation. But we shall only speak of such facts, as were either believed from credible report, or are properly authenticated by documents of that period.

Some years previous to the revolution, it was reported, "that Mr. Adams was offered a lucrative place under the British government, if he would change his political conduct, and abandon that cause and interest, in which he was engaged ——That this offer was made after the dissolution of the General Court of that year, which happened soon after its first session; that in consequence of this last circumstance, he was deprived of a stipend allowed him by the Representatives as their Clerk; which though small, still was a great part of his support. But yet in this critical condition he reprobated the offer, choosing rather to subsist by individual or common beneficence, or even perish, than to sacrifice the cause of truth, and betray the liberty of his country." How far this particular anecdote is founded on fact we do not determine. But it is plain from indubitable testimony, that some efforts of this kind had been made. For in the private correspondence of Gov. Hutchinson with the English Ministry, he replies to a question put to him by some one of them, or of their friends —*Why hath not* Mr. Adams *been taken off from his opposition by an office?* "That such was

the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never would be conciliated by any office or gift whatever ; that was he even to accept of any emolument or favour from the crown, he would be still more confirmed in his opposition ; and therefore such an attempt would answer no manner of purpose." What an honourable testimony this from a gentleman who was his avowed political enemy and antagonist! "What the eastern sage in vain wished for, our departed Friend obtained. *His adversary had written a book.* He had, without intending it, engraven his fame in characters never to be erased, and given such a memorial of his conflicting triumphant virtue, as is worthy the applause and admiratinn of every future age."

Had there been no other proof of his incorruptible integrity, except that we have just recited, it would have entitled him to an honourable remembrance in the annals of his country : But the fact is, that his virtue was repeatedly tried in the crucible of poverty and necessity ; that his sensibility was equally wounded by the neglect of his *friends*, and by the malignity of his *enemies* ; that under each he was triumphant ;---and that every new trial exhibited some new proof, that no external evil or depression, could tempt him to any conduct unworthy of his reputation. For while he was occupied abroad in the most important and responsible publick duties, the

amiable partner of his cares supported the family at home, by manual industry; and notwithstanding his whole resources were so small, yet such was the union of dignity with economy, that to the foreigner or the native, casually visiting the family, nothing of degradation or abasement appeared; but every circumstance of propriety, necessary to the honourable grade which his country had assigned him.

In this honourable and voluntary poverty he continued to a very late period of his life; and had it not been prevented by the painful, melancholy event of the death of an only, valuable son, by which he obtained a decent competency, he must have recurred, either to individual, or to common charity, for the continuation of his existence.

The dignity of his manners was well expressed by the majesty of his countenance; an index of a mind never debased by grovelling ideas, nor occupied in contemplating low pursuits: Yet this appearance was accompanied with a suavity of temper, qualifying him for those charities and graces so highly ornamental to the most sublime and dignified character. Few are there who better discharged the social relations of life; neither would it be easy to find a more tender husband, more affectionate parent, or more faithful friend. He would easily relax from severer care and study, to enjoy the delight of private conversation.

While we are employed in reviewing other laudable and distinguished traits in the character of this great man, it would be highly blameable to omit his reverence for the Supreme Being, his belief in divine revelation, and his attention to every religious duty. His mind was early imbued with piety, as well as cultivated by science. But his religion was rational, it was free from bigotry as from ostentation. It was known by its best effect, i. e. a life free from vice, and productive both of benevolent affections, and undeviating morality. As he supposed the institutions of religion and its practicable precepts produced this effect ; so no one was more uniformly steady than he in cultivating the practice of them. Accordingly, his family can attest the constancy of his morning and evening devotion---the temple of the most high God, his reverence for the christain sabbath---and the altar of Jesus Christ, his compliance with every ritual derived from the authority of Heaven. If he preferred the mode of divine worship in which he was born and educated to other religious institutions of antiquity, or to other forms in in which Christianity has appeared, it was not from the prejudices of education, or mere mechanical habit ; but because he conceived our churches, when confined to their original design, were excellent schools of morality ; that they were adapted to promote the future happiness of mankind, and because by

experience he had known them a powerful auxilary in defending the *civil* as well as *religious* privileges of America.

The celebrated Plutarch assigned this, as his first and highest motive for recording the lives of great and good men; "that by meditating on their sublime virtues he might both enlarge his understanding and correct his heart." Much may be collected from the religious and moral character of this great man, whom we have attempted to describe; which will assist us in the same laudable design. Such an example of piety and purity is better than a system of ethicks, to instruct us in our duty, and in the practice of those moral and social virtues which embellish and dignify human life. We have had presented before us a man struggling with adverse fortune; yet elevated by his mind above every external evil; never discouraged by the numerous obstacles opposing his progress; performing with fortitude every dangerous duty; equally uniform, open and consistent in his opinion and conduct, under the cruel coldness and negligence of his friend, as under the malignant obloquy and rancour of his enemy; and finally, under the darkest scenes of his existence, refreshing the native energy of his soul by sublime contemplation on the wisdom and goodness of the eternal providence. Doth not the portrait thus exhibited warrant us in borrowing the

eulogium of the son of Sirah on king Josiah? ---"His remembrance is like the composition of a perfume, made by the art of the apothecary. It is sweet as honey in all mouths, and as musick at a banquet of wine."

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

In a Letter to a Friend,

FROM SAMUEL PEGGE, ESQ.

Concluded from page 30.

IDIOM is the dress and fashion of expression, in which, I suppose, every language has its peculiarities. Let not, then, the inhabitants of a metropolis, who are conceived to be an order of men superiour to the vassalage of the remoter parts of the kingdom, and whose manners have been expressly handed down to us in the words "politeness" and "urbanity," be denied a *few* singularities, new or old, while every other part of the island abounds with so *many*. All courts (and our own among the rest) have ever affected a *ton*, or refined dialect of their own, wishing, no doubt, to differ as much as possible from the *bourgeoisie*: but it does not follow that the language of the city is without a basis; though, like the foundation of the city itself, it may lie deep.

As to *ton*, Sir, be pleased to accept the following anecdote. In the reign of Louis XIV.

a very alarming little revolution took place in the application of an epithet in the French language; for it had become a ruling fashion to give, to every thing *great*, the term *gros*, as—"un *gros* plaisir,"—"une *grosse* qualitié,"—"une *grosse* beauté," &c. The king took an occasion to intimate a dislike to these expressions, because, in fact, he was frightened out of his wits, lest he, who had been for some time styled Louis *le grand*, should exchange his title for that of a second Louis *le gros*. Mons. Boileau, however, upon perceiving the king's alarm, had the address to observe how impossible it was for the world even to think of Louis *le gros* in the reign of Louis *le grand*;—when the royal mind was quieted, the *ton* had its course, and soon vanished.

The French court, ever fond of novelty, once carried its innovations in language even to the subversion of grammar, in one notable instance, so far as to alter the gender of a substantive, in compliment to an infantine mistake of their grand monarque. This circumstance I have elucidated in a little memoir published in the Antiquarian Repertory, which is in substance briefly this: the word *carosse* (a coach) was originally *feminine*, as its termination implies, and is so found in Cotgrave's dictionary; but, when Mons. Menage published his Dictionaire Etymologique, he gives it as avowedly *masculine*, but not without remarking that it had been formerly *fem-*

inine—" du quel genre ce mot étoit autrefois." The revolution, as to the gender of this word, arose from the following trivial grammatical errour. Louis XIV. came to the crown, A. D. 1643, at the age of about five years, and soon afterwards, on enquiring for his coach, happened to confound the sex of it, by calling out—" Ou est *mon* carosse ?" This was sufficient to stamp the word *(carosse)* masculine, of which gender it has continued to the present moment. Such a trifling, puerile errour is not to be wondered at ; but that a whole nation should adopt a change of gender, in compliment to it, is a palpable absurdity, of no common magnitude.

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis

used to be held as most courtly doctrine ; but seldom more ridiculously than the foregoing instance, except in that which follows. The former was a bagatelle ; the latter gave so different a cast to the features of a whole nation, that, one may suppose it might be difficult for a moment to discriminate a man from his former self. When Louis XIII. succeeded Henry IV. at the age of *nine* years, the courtiers, because the new king *could* have no beard, resolved that they *would* have none themselves, and every wrinkled face appeared as beardless as possible, reserving only whiskers, and a small tuft of hair beneath the under lip. The honest Duke de Sully was the only courtier who was hardy enough to appear in

the royal presence with his beard in the form of the late reign.*

Louis XIV. (as has been observed) acceded to the throne of France at five years of age; and his education was neglected, to give way to the intrigues of state, under the regency of his mother, Anne of Austria, and of the administration of cardinal Mazarin, during a long minority;—and I have been well assured that the illiterature of this grand monarque went so far, that, to the last, he could hardly write his name. He formed it out of six straight strokes, and a line of beauty, which first stood thus, | | | | | | S; these he afterwards perfected, as well as he was able, and the result was LOUIS.

Thus much for the endowments of that king in the art of writing;—how far they went in the art of reading I cannot ascertain! but to his honour be it said, that he was so sensible of a general defect in his own education, as to take all possible care to preclude every default in that of his son; circumstances which French writers themselves do not affect to conceal.

* Pogonologia, London, 1786, 12mo. p. 29. This is confirmed by existing portraits, which are in his majesty's collection, and now in the presence chamber at St. James's, where Henry IV. appears with a portly beard, in the style of his ancestors, and Louis XIII. (an adult) with only a tuft on the lower lip and whiskers: this persecution, we are told, was carried by the courtiers even to the curtailing of horses' tails: which two circumstances occasioned the Mareschal Bassompiere, who having been imprisoned in the Bastile by Henry IV. where he continued twelve years, till the accession of Louis XIII. to observe on coming to the court again—that he saw no change in the world, since he had been secluded from it, but that *men* had lost their *beards*, and *horses* their *tails*.

It is matter of no great surprise that the constable du Guesclin, in the fourteenth century, though both a warriour and a statesman, should not be able either to *write* or *read* :—but that the constable Montmorency, in the reign of Henry IV. of France which terminated 1610, should be equally ignorant of both writing and reading, shews that scholastick accomplishments, even at that period, were not thought necessary to form any part of the character of those who were accounted great men.

But what is most extraordinary, and in cases where we should have expected rather more than the usual literary qualifications, we are told that, even among the bishops in the seventh century, there was so great a general want of even the meanest learning, that it was scarcely deemed opprobrious to acknowledge their ignorance: and that in the article of writing, several of them have been found who actually could not sign their names.

I rest my authority upon the Rev. Dr. Joseph White, Laudian Professor of Arabick in the university of Oxford, who gives two instances (from among many others which he could have produced) selected from the acts of the councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, where subscriptions of some bishops are to be found in the following terms :—"I, A. B. (bishop of——) have subscribed by the hand of C. D. *because I cannot write.*" And again; —"Such a bishop having said that *he could*

not write ; I, whose name is under-written, have subscribed for him."

Allow me another word concerning Louis XIV. ; for, to do him still more justice, though both he and his minister Colbert were illiterate, yet were they patrons of men of learning ; and it is owing to the sense which Louis entertained and felt of the meanness of his own literary accomplishments, that the world received the Delphin edition of the Latin classicks, which, by that king's order was prepared for the more easy information of the Dauphin.

ANECDOTES OF WESTON.

Concluded from page 25.

At the period that his fame was increasing he went to Edinburgh ; where he was considered by the people as the best comedian they had ever seen, and the greatness of his benefit proved the respect in which his abilities were held.

After this, we find that his salary at Drury-lane was increased to five pounds a week ; a sum, even in those times, totally inadequate to the merit of this unique performer. It was the consequence of the distress which his dissipation produced. The managers, who pretended so liberally to pay his debts, never discharged their own. As far as my docu-

ments extend, his talents never received any adeqaute remuneration.

It happened, on a day when his name was in the play-bills, that he was arrested for a small sum, for which he requested these generous managers would provide, and which request they very cautiously refused. Being known to the bailiff, Weston prevailed on him and his follower to go with him to the play, and he there placed himself and them in the front of the two shilling gallery.

Before the curtain drew up, an apology was made, stating that Mr. Weston, being ill, could not possibly attend; and it was therefore hoped that another performer might supply his place. Weston rose, as he intended, and declared, aloud, the apology was entirely false: he was there, well, and ready to do his business, but that he was in custody for a small debt, for which, though entreated, the managers had refused to give security. Weston had well foreseen the consequences: the managers were obliged to set him free.

A performer of less abilities would immediately have been expelled the theatre; but for Weston no substitute could be found. After this, his residence was again confined to the theatre. Can it be thought wonderful that, under such circumstances, habits already wrong should become worse; and health that had never been attended to, should thus be absolutely ruined! Alas! How does genius suffer itself to be seduced and vanquished!

His palate was sickly, his digestion bad, his appetite demanded to be pampered, and habitual indulgence must be daintily fed : to satisfy this, though he could not eat a bird so large as a lark, he would send for a turkey. The first fruits of the season, asparagus, peas, peaches, green geese, whatever he fancied, must be procured.

The scurvy, a disorder that he had long nurtured, now encrusted his face, where it appeared with virulence, while it also fell with excess into his legs. For a time, he consented to abstain from liquor, and use medicine ; his face began to be smooth, his appearance to be more healthy, and his legs to heal. But, rendered impatient by confinement, he gave a loose to his inclinations, and by a debauch had nearly died.

His fame being now at its height, his benefits were good, a part of his debts were paid, and he obtained the power to hire a house and garden, in the street at Chelsea opposite to Battersea-bridge, where it was his intention to regulate his affairs, and live a life of sobriety ; but for this undertaking he had not sufficient resolution.

So strong was the habit of drinking spirits, in him, that he could not forbear even in the time of performance. The servants of the theatre were forbidden to provide him with liquor, he therefore generally brought it himself.

Coming to the house too late one evening, Mr. Foote met him at the stage door; and, after expressing chagrin, that the audience should be kept waiting, Foote asked him what he had under his coat? Ashamed of the vice in which he indulged, Weston replied, a bottle of Seltzer water, which he was ordered to drink. Suspecting the truth, Foote insisted that he would taste; and finding it to be spirits, broke the bottle. Weston's feelings however were so roused, and offended, that neither friendly advice nor entreaty could induce him to dress for his part, till the bottle was replaced.

Driven from Chelsea by his creditors, and again confined to the precincts of the theatre, his health was visibly fast on the decline. Of this he was often reminded, and as often replied either with a joke or an utter contempt of death. During the last season, he played but seldom, nor ever appeared in high spirits, though his mind was not disturbed.

It is the present morality of the world to offer relief when it is too late: the faculty crowded round him, but the functions of life were destroyed. He glimmered awhile, like an expiring vapour, till the 18th of January 1776, when he died, universally lamented as an actor, and, by his acquaintance regretted as a man. Generous and kind, he would share the last shilling with a friend. Too sensible of his worth to exhibit himself, except before the publick, he was not entertaining

in a large company, though gay and social with a chosen few. His habits induced him to seek associates beneath himself, for so rooted were these habits that they must be indulged. He was in debt, not from the want of principle, but of economy: his little revenues were squandered, not properly expended. My authority says he was buried in the vault of his kindred, but does not mention where that vault may be found. It is a matter of small moment.

As an actor, I remember him well: to think of a few unrivalled actors and to forget him is impossible. The range of characters that he personated was confined, but not his talents. I have not the smallest doubt that, when he studied tragedy, he, better than his competitors, felt and understood how it ought to be performed: but his corporeal faculties were not fitted to convey the emotions of the soul; they wanted that drilling which he had not the patience to endure, he had else succeeded. The body must be ill paired, indeed, if it do not finally submit to the mind.

Be that as it may, the parts in which Weston excited such uncommon emotions were those of low humour. He was the most irresistible in those of perfect simplicity: his peculiar talent was the pure personification of nature. I do not think it possible for an actor to be less conscious, than Weston appeared to be, that he was acting. While the audience was convulsed with laughter, he

was perfectly unmoved : no look, no motion of the body, no absence of mind, ever gave the least intimation that he knew himself to be Thomas Weston. Never for a moment was Thomas Weston present : it was always either Jerry Sneak, Doctor Last, Abel Drugger, Scrub, Sharp, Torrington, or distinctly and individually the character he stood there to perform ; and it was performed with such a consistent and peculiar humour, it was so entirely distinct from any thing we call acting, and so perfect a resemblance of the man whom the pencil of the poet had painted, that not only was the laughter excessive, nay sometimes almost painful, but the most critical mind was entirely satisfied. I doubt if Garrick, or any other actor, had so perfect a power of disguising himself, and assuming a character with so little deviation from the conception he had previously formed. It was not only a perfect whole but it was also unique

Presence of mind is a quality peculiar to genius : it constitutes the great wit, the great warrior, the great statesman, and the great poet. He that has it proves that he has the power of being what he pleases ; and nothing but this quality could give Weston his extraordinary talent of self-recollection. On ordinary occasions his presence of mind seldom forsook him ; as the few anecdotes I have related prove. The bon-mots which, during his life, were in circulation concerning

him were additional proofs : I recollect but two of them.

Shuter had long been the favorite of the galleries; and Weston, before his comick fame was established, appeared, as a substitute to Shuter in the part of Sharp. Shuter's name was in the play bills, and when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated " Shuter ! Shuter !" Mrs. Clive played the part of Kitty Pry, and was no less a favourite than the other. The uproar continued, and nothing could be heard but " Shuter ! Shuter !" As soon as it was possible to be heard, Weston, in his own inimitable and humourous manner, asked aloud in a seemingly stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive—" Shoot her ! Shoot her ! Why should I shoot her ? I am sure she plays her part very well !" The apparent earnestness and simplicity with which he appeared to ask this question were so inimitable, and it so truly applied to the excellent acting of Mrs. Clive, that the burst of laughter was universal, and the applause which Weston deserved attended him through the part.

On another ocassion, when, by frequent want of punctuality, the audience were at last indignant, and among other marks of dissatisfaction, an orange was thrown at him, he picked it up, pretended closely to examine it, walked forward, and with that dry humour which there was no resisting, said— " Humph ! This is not a *civil* orange."

These were puns, but the wit of them was in the ready application of them and the strong effect they produced. It was presence of mind.

One afternoon, a few weeks before his death, Weston said to a friend if you will write for me I will make my will. The friend complied and Weston dictated, not puns, but strong sense, and keen satire.

I THOMAS WESTON, Comedian, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my Will, but proceed immediately to the explaining my intentions.

Imprimis. As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life, and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would, in gratitude at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man: the publick have fully proved it in the two first, and his good nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last.

Item. I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.

Item. Though I owe no obligations to Mr. Harris, yet his having shown a sincere regard for the performers of his theatre (by assisting them in their necessities, and yet taking no advantage thereof by driving a Jew bargain at their signing fresh articles) demands from me, as an actor, some acknowledg-

ment ; I therefore leave him the entire possession of that satisfaction which must naturally result on reflecting that, during his his management, he has never done any thing base or mean to sully his character as an honest man, or a gentleman.

Item. I having played under the management of Mr. Jefferson, at Richmond, and received from him every politeness, I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of.

Item. I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty : 'tis indeed a small legacy, but being a *rarity* to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

Item. I leave Mr. Yates all my spirit.

Item. I leave Mrs. Yates my humility.

Item. Upon reflection, I think it wrong to give separate legacies to a man and his wife ; therefore I revoke the above bequests and leave, to be enjoyed by them jointly, *peace*, *harmony*, and *good nature*.

Item. Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive Ned Shuter ; if I should not I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to *live* : but that I am afraid would be of little use to him ; I therefore leave my example how to *die*.

Item. I leave Mr. Brereton a small portion of *modesty*. Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Item. As Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly *waiting for dead men's shoes*, I

leave him two or three pair (the worst I have) they being good enough in all conscience for him

Item. Though the want of vanity be a proof of understanding, yet I would recommend to my old friend, Baddely, to make use of a little of the first, though it cost him more than he would willingly pay for it. It will increase not only his consequence with the publick, but his salary with the managers; but, however, should his stomach turn against it as naseous, he may use for a succedaneum a small quantity of *opihion*, and it will answer the purpose as well.

Item. Mr. Quick has long laboured to obtain the applause of the publick: the method he has taken is a vague one; the surest method to obtain his end is to copy *Nature*.--- *Experientia docet.*

Item. As I would not forget my friends, particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait, to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck, as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life.

Item. Dibble Davis claims something at my hands from the length of our acquaintance; I therefore leave him my constitution: but I am afraid when I die it will be scarcely better than his own.

Item. I leave to the ladies, in general, on the stage, (if not the reality, yet) the ap-

pearance of modesty : 'twill serve them on more occasions than they are aware of.

Item. To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of prudence.

Item. To the authors of the present times, a smattering of humour.

Item. To the publick, a grateful heart.

The copy that I have given of this Will, is taken literally from the pamphlet beforementioned ; and cannot be a fabrication, since the pamphlet itself is written in a style and taste, that are equally incorrect, vulgar, and imbecile : while the style, humour, and satire of Weston are admirable. Yet he was unaccustomed to composition, though he dictated with a degree of correctness and facility that surprise. Considering him as a dying man, making an unusual but sportive effort, it remains a singular and indisputable proof of his genius.

FALSE INDIFFERENCE,

A DRAMATICK PROVERB.

Translated from the French of M. Carmontel by T. Holcroft.

"*Le feu est caché sous le cendre.*"
There is fire under the embers.

Countess. HENRIETTA !
Hen. Madam !
Coun. Give me——
Hen. What, Madam ?

Coun. The inkstand—no, a chair.

Hen. You seem very uneasy, Madam!

Coun. Ah, Henrietta! My situation is inconceivable!

Hen. Have you to complain of the Chevalier?

Coun. Quite the contrary. He is too faithful.

Hen. That reproach surprises me.

Coun. Well it may. I am very wrong.

Hen. He loves you too tenderly?

Coun. Yes.

Hen. Marry, and he'll soon be cured.

Coun. Marry a man I cannot love!

Hen. You do not love him?

Coun. No, 'tis this that torments me.

Hen. An uncommon torment.

Coun. I see you do not understand. What reproaches can I make him? None. Love cannot be more ardent, more delicate. To be ungrateful, contrary to one's wish, and without the least cause of complaint, is dreadful.

Hen. I cannot see which way. You are still the same.

Coun. Cannot you imagine what his sufferings will be, when he shall know my indifference.

Hen. The loss of a heart like yours, I own, Madam, will be great; but while you do not bestow it on another, how are you to blame? One cannot command one's inclina-

tions, and that he should love you is surely no harm.

Coun. Shall I practise deceit ?

Hen. Such deceit will make him happy.

Coun. 'Tis what I am incapable of. Yet to let him see I love no longer is to distract him. I know not what to do ! I am so embarrassed when he is present : while that is his only happiness.

Hen. In that case, madam, write to him.

Coun. But his grief ! His despair !

Hen. I hear him ! Determine how to act.

Coun. Heavens ! Desire him to wait : I must consider again. [*Exit.*

Enter the CHEVALIER.

Che. So, Henrietta ! Can I see the Countess ?

Hen. She is very busy : I will ask, if you please.

Che. I wish to speak with her, but I am in no hurry.

Hen. I will tell her you are here, Sir.

Che. Oh, do not disturb her.

Hen. I will bring you her answer.

[*Exit.*

Che. (thoughtful) Why did I stay ? How can I tell her ?—Could I once have thought I should cease to love her ?—Yet, so it is.—Her beauty, her tenderness are the same ; 'tis that distracts me.—Break with her on the eve of marriage, and without cause ?—So it

must be! I could endure her hatred, but her contempt will be intolerable.—What shall I say? That I do not love her? I, who have so often sworn to live only for her? To adore her with my dying breath? To—Barbarian! What, plunge a poniard in the bosom of her who loves me so tenderly, from whom she hopes the happiness of her life! I were a monster!—What if I write?—Ay, I may blush at the indifference that is come over me, but not at an action which proves the integrity of my heart. *(reads as he writes)* "My heart, madam, has deceived me." Heavens! It will kill her!—*(continues)* "But if such be your pleasure, my promise shall be kept. I do not abandon you for another. I am incapable of such perfidy. My loss is much the greatest, since no blessing can equal that love which was once to me so precious." I'll give this letter to Henrietta and fly. *(folds and seals it.)*

Enter HENRIETTA.

Hen. My lady, Sir, cannot see you to-day, but has sent you this note.

Che. As she pleases. I too have written: give her that.

Hen. Immediately, Sir. [*Exit.*

Che. Oh, how far is she from suspecting what she is about to read! Let me see what her note contains.——Is it possible? Can I believe my senses? *(reads)* "Sir, it is with

the deepest affliction that I write at present. We must meet no more : I am unworthy of you. I will not deceive you : my happiness is gone : you, and you alone, taught me to hope, but my ungrateful heart has forgot to feel. Your sufferings will not equal mine. You are revenged on me ; I deserve to suffer : suffering is a debt that I owe you. Do not afflict yourself too much. Let not your despair make me bitterly repent of having been sincere. Adieu." *(he falls into an arm chair : pause)* She loves me no longer ! how unfeelingly does she tell me so ! She was the first ! Yet how did I fear to inflict a wound ! Ungrateful woman ! How have I lost her heart ? Oh, she never loved me ! Dreadful thought ! Is she capable of such deceit ? Horrible situation !

Enter the COUNTESS, *seeing him seated at a table leaning and covering his face with his hands.*

Coun. How, Chevalier ! Is it possible you can have written this letter ?

Che. Could I have supposed I should ever have had a like reproach to make with a certainty of its truth ? O Countess, your heart could never have dictated these words !

Coun. Can you complain at the very moment your guilt is still greater ? When I dreaded the effects of your despair ?

Che. And can you think, madam, the fear was vain ? No ! I shall die ! Continue to

live happy, since happiness no longer depends on me.

Coun. Ungrateful man! You little know my heart! Or the loss of it would not have thus been felt. I now see my errour.

Che. What do I hear? Heavens!—The joyful hope——Oh, Madam, if I have rendered myself unworthy a heart so affectionate, time, repentance, every action, will prove it was a strange wandering of the mind, which I myself can never pardon. Happy shall I be if one day you should be less severe.

Coun. What shall I say?

Che. Can you forgive? Shall I again hope? Do you still love me?

Coun. Did I ever cease to love? What did I suffer while I wrote? You have truly said it was a strange wandering of the mind, which I cannot comprehend.

Che. Ah! our hearts were formed for each other. Love has been irritated at us both, for having so long deferred our union.

Coun. It will be the more durable, the more sincere. Yes, Chevalier, indifference has failed in her aim, and will never attack us again.

Che. I feel, I feel I shall love you with my latest breath. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

.....

MENTORIAN ESSAYS.....No. 2.

.....

O let us still the secret joy partake
To follow virtue, e'en for virtue's sake.

FONDNESS for fame is certainly common to all mankind; but our sex are more peculiarly accused of a vain love of admiration. Permit me, then, my fair readers, to suggest the means, which, in my opinion, will procure you *the greatest number of valuable admirers*.

If what is said of *first sight impressions* be just,---and I believe it is not far from the truth---it is no doubt natural, and even laudable, to endeavour that these impressions should be agreeable. But how is it possible to please the infinitely various tastes and judgments one meets with? How shall we twist and coil ourselves into such motley shapes? One person will be pleased with the *simpering miss*, who laughs eternally at her own, and the supposed wit of her companions: he will look on such a young lady as infinitely good-humoured and entertaining. Another will be fascinated with the *real mother-wit*, which flashes from the boisterous, noisy, mirth-loving fair, who freely analyzes her acquaintance in every company, and makes herself and companions merry at their expense. Thus it again occurs, how is

a poor girl to manage, to please these various fancies? If we wish for loud and clamorous admiration, I believe we must sit down in despair; but if we are content with being an object of universal complacency and regard, we may acquire it by the *simple* means of unambitious and unaffected modesty; by a mild attention to those around us, which exhibits less a wish *to shine*, than *to oblige*, by contributing our share towards the subject of conversation. A young lady, thrown by chance into the company of a number of strangers of the other sex, behaving in this manner, will interest them all for her safety and accommodation; and if, at the same time, she be *habited* more like the daughter of wisdom than the votary of folly, (for all men judge of a lady's mind by her dress) she will be in no danger of rudeness, even from the most licentious; and although no individual may pour forth a profusion of compliments, and endeavour to impress her with the idea of his being deeply smitten; although neither of the gentlemen, when by themselves, should mention her name, or swear she was "a devilish fine girl;" yet their hearts, one and all, would bend so far at the shrine of native modesty, as to insure her every respectful and pleasing attention. Let me then advise my fair friends to forego all violent ambition to shine, and content themselves with that humble and modest deportment, which will secure respect, though

it may not excite admiration; and if they wish to dazzle by the brilliancy of their wit, or the vivacity of their character, to display these dangerous talents only in the circles of fraternal affection, or under the sanction of the parental roof.

Briar-Hill, Sept. 1806.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

In reading a late English review, we were struck with the title "Fatal Curiosity; or, the Visions of Sylvester." "The poem is written," say the reviewers, to show the wisdom of the Creator, in denying to man a knowledge of futurity, and to prove the impossibility of supporting life under the dreadful anticipations arising from this knowledge, by the example of one to whom, in a dream, it is supposed to be granted. On the subject of *reading the Book of Fate*, Shakespeare has made our fourth Henry beautifully observe

"O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress thorough,—
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die."

To exemplify this position is the object of Mr. Bounden's "Vision of Silvester," which,

notwithstanding the acknowledged youth and inexperience of the writer, is highly interesting, and frequently distinguished by much poetical excellence.

Silvester, enjoying all the blessings of fortune and family, sighs, in an unlucky hour, to penetrate "the mist of dark futurity." He sleeps, and his guardian spirit appearing to him, would dissuade him from his wish, but in vain. His wish is therefore granted, and the spirit proceeds to "*show his eyes, and grieve his heart.*" The second Book then opens with the "Vision," and never was poor man doomed to see so black a prospect of future change. His loving wife, his four noble boys, his beauteous daughter, and his troop of faithful friends, all turn out base libertines, traitors, fratricides, suicides, and adultresses. After seeing some of this, he exclaims, with Macbeth, "I will behold no more!" but he is compelled to witness the sum of his misery. He wakes, and notwithstanding all that he has seen is merely "*such stuff as dreams are made of,*" he pretends to believe firmly in the whole of it, and consequently, in the third book, though broad awake, looks with horrour and detestation on all his family, and in the end drowns himself.

As a specimen of our poet's powers, we cannot select a more favourable and commendatory passage than the speech of the Spirit in the first Book.

I am the Guardian Spirit, sent from Heaven
To watch thy actions here : thy thoughts I see ;
The inmost wishes of thy heart I know :
I draw thee oft from danger, though unseen :
If sanguinary robbers in the path
Lurk, I to disappointment turn their plots,
And lead thee by another to thy home :
I flutter in the rays that round thee shine
At noon ; sport in the air thy lips inhale ;
Behold thee when involv'd in midnight shade ;
Sit on the lightning's flash that o'er thee gleams ;
Or sieze it in my hand and change its course,
And make it pass thee harmless as the breeze
That blows not Autumn's faded leaves to earth.
Sometimes I hover o'er thee ; by thy side
Sometimes I walk, and gaze upon thy face,
And touch the tear that slowly trickles down.
Be where thou wilt, be doing what thou mayst,
Thou never art alone, nor unobserv'd.
I on thy pillow sit, and hear thee sigh,
And tell thy wishes to the darkness ; then
In pity for the sufferings of thy soul,
Them and thy powers in slumber I suspend :
There oft I give thee various dreams, whate'er
Thou see'st in nightly vision I pourtray——
On fairy scenes, untrodden wilds obscure ;
Of prospects lovelier far than Nature owns,
Or sights of horrour, dark and terrible ;
Of spirits in airy dance, or murderers' tread ;
Of solemn deeds, or mirthful revelry :
Of wondrous circumstance, perform'd on top

Of hill cloud meeting, on the level shore,
In cavern vast where end the wand'ring foot
Finds not; or under high o'ercharging rocks,
That dart down horrour on th' uplifted eye;
In valley wall'd, or on the edge extreme
Of hideous precipice, in palace, cot,
Or temple: or of mystick act unheard,
Half understood."

THE PROSTITUTE.

A POEM has lately made its appearance in London, entitled "London Cries: or, Pictures of Tumult and Distress." The reviewers, speak favourably of the pleasing philanthropy, poetical spirit, good sense and polite learning, exhibited in the conduct of the subject. They strongly recommend it to publick notice; and give the following melancholy portrait of those hapless females in the streets, who "buy this day's meal with last night's sin," as a specimen of the author's talents:

"Daughters of Wretchedness! miscall'd Vice,
For you no lures of tingling lust entice.
Rather ye loath, ye dread, poor outcast race!
The loveless, joyless, unendear'd embrace.
Cold hopeless want, and hunger's dire demand,
With venal Houri fill the swarming Strand.

Flaunting with mimick pomp, and rolling eye,
A sparkling, titt'ring wretch comes tripping by.
A ribbon'd, painted, paper'd, gilt outside;

All paleness, leanness, want, and woe beside.
Each saunt'ring fool she courts, in accent bland
With bosom half reveal'd, and forward hand.
Loud is her joyless laugh, and jest obscene;
Vain jest, and laugh a breaking heart to screen.
Of late how woo'd, how courted, how implor'd,
Her smile how worshipp'd, e'en her scorn ador'd!
Now doom'd to woo, press, supplicate! forlorn!
To flatter insult, fawn on angry scorn!
Behold that form, whose fault'ring step, and slow,
And heaving bosom marks unutter'd woe,
With clasp'd unlifted hands, and downcast head,
And flaxen locks in wild disorder spread;
Ill fenc'd from biting winds by vesture light,
Of beauteous texture, once all virgin white,
Once worn in happy days—for ever past!
Now soil'd and rent, the sport of every blast:
That face, how deadly pale with wasting care!
Like spring's anemone—how meek! how fair!
Blue lustre beams from either mournful eye,
As heaven's own azure breaks a watery sky.
Thou lovely form, that seem'st a child of light,
Slipp'd from heaven's concave, in the headlong flight
Of outcast spirits, unbranded yet with stain,
Now roaming wide in search of heaven again;
Wast once Lavinia!"

MASTER BETTY.

In the "Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, written by himself," we find the following

amusing observations respecting the *Young Roscius* of England.

"A little straw will serve to light a great fire, and after the acting of The West Indian, I would say, if the comparison was not too presumptuous, I was almost the *Master Betty* of the time; but as I dare say that young gentleman is even now too old and too wise to be spoilt by popularity, so was I then not quite boy enough to be tickled by it, and not quite fool enough to confide in it. In short, I took the same course then which he is taking now; as he keeps on acting part after part, so did I persist in writing play after play; and this, if I am not mistaken, is the surest course we either of us could take of running through our period of popularity, and of finding our true level at the conclusion of it.

"I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonsire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeples; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds was of prodigious height; it overpeered all its neighbours, as Shakespeare does all his rivals; the young adventurer was employed to fix the weather-cock; he mounted to the topmost stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in his ascent; he found himself at the very achme of his fame, but

glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock, standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the rustick multitude below: what the song was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know that he came to his cadence before his song did, and falling from his height left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate.

"About the time, at which my story points, my tragedy of *The Carmelite* was acted at Drury Lane, and most ably supported by Mrs. Siddons, who took the part of the Lady of Saint Valori, and also spoke the Epilogue. She played inimitably, and in those days, when only men and women trod the stage, the publick were contented with what was perfect in nature, and of course admired and applauded Mrs. Siddons: they could also see merit in Mr. Kemble, who was in the commencement of his career, and appeared in the character of the youthful Montgomeri: the audiences of that time did not think the worse of him because he had reached the age of manhood and appeared before them in the full stature and complete maturity of one of the finest forms that probably was ever exhibited upon a publick stage. A revolution since then has taken place, a caprice, as ridiculous as it is extraordinary, and a general

act of superannuation has gone forth against every male performer, that has a beard. How I am to style this young child of fortune, this adopted favourite of the publick, I don't rightly know; the bills of Covent-Garden announce him as Master Betty, those of Drury-Lane as the Young Roscius. Roscius, as I believe on the authority of Shakespeare, *was an actor in Rome*, and Cicero, who admired him, made a speech in his praise: all this of course is very right on both sides, and exactly as it should be. Mr. Harris announces him to the old women in the galleries in a phrase, that is familiar to them; whilst Mr. Sheridan, presenting him to the senators in the boxes by the style and title of Roscius, fails perhaps in his little representative of the great Roman actor, but perfectly succeeds in his own similitude to the eloquent Roman orator. In the mean time my friend Smith of Bury, with all that zeal for merit, which is natural to him, marries him to Melpomene with the ring of Garrick, and strewing roses of Parnassus on the nuptial couch, crowns happy master Betty, alias young Roscius, with a never fading chaplet of immortal verse---

And now when death dissolves his mortal frame
His soul shall mount to heaven from whence it came,
Earth keep his ashes, verse preserve his fame.

"How delicious to be praised and panegyrised in such a style; to be caressed by dukes and (which is better) by the daughters of dukes, flattered by wits, feasted by aldermen, stuck up in the windows of the print shops, and set astride (as these eyes have seen him) upon the cut-water of a privateer, like the tutelary genius of the British flag.

"What encouragement doth this great enlightened nation hold forth to merit? What a consolatory reflection must it be to the superannuated yellow admirals of the stage, that when they shall arrive at second *childhood*, they may still have a chance to arrive at honours second only to these! I declare I saw with surprise a man, who led about a bear to dance for the edification of the publick, lose all his popularity in the street, where this young gentleman has his lodging; the people ran to see him at the window, and left the bear and the bear-leader in solitude. I saw this exquisite young gentleman, while I paced the streets on foot, wafted to his morning's rehearsal in a vehicle, that to my vulgar opticks seemed to wear upon its polished doors the ensign of a ducal crown; I looked to see if haply John Kemble were on the braces, or Cooke perchance behind the coach; I saw the lacquies at their posts, but Glenalvon was not there: I found John Kemble sick at home——I said within myself——

Oh! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius.
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!

"We shall have a second influx of the pigmies; they will pour upon us in multitudes innumerable as a shoal of sprats, and when at last we have nothing else but such small fry to feed on, an epidemick nausea will take place.

"There are intervals in fevers; there are lucid moments in madness; even folly cannot keep possession of the mind for ever. It is very natural to encourage rising genius, it is highly commendable to foster its first shoots; we admire and caress a clever school boy, but we should do very ill to turn his master out of his office and put him into it."

CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT EMPEROUR OF RUSSIA.

THE present Emperour Alexander is about twenty-nine years of age, his face is full, very fair, and his complexion pale; his eyes blue, and expressive of that beneficent mildness which is one of the prominent features of his character. His person is tall, lusty and well proportioned; but, being a little deaf, to facilitate his hearing, he stoops: his deportment is condescending, yet dignified. In the discharge of his august duties he displays great activity and acuteness, but without shew and bustle: the leading features of his mind are sound discretion and humanity, qualities which cannot fail to render an empire flourishing and a people happy! He is

so much an enemy to parade, that he is frequently seen wrapped up in his regimental cloak riding about the capital alone, upon a little common droshka: in this manner he has been known to administer to the wants of the poor. It is his wish, if he should be recognized in this state of privacy, that no one will take off their hats; but the graciousness of his desire only puts the heart in the hand as it uncovers the head. The emperour is very much attached to the English, numbers of whom have settled in the empire, and have formed, under the auspices of government, a sort of colony. The emperour has often been heard to say that "the man within whose reach heaven has placed the greatest materials for making life happy, was, in his opinion, an *English country gentleman.*"

[*Carr's Northern Summer.*]

SONNET,

Occasioned by the romantick scenery, that surrounded a neat little peasant's cottage in Sweden.

Here far from all the pomp ambition seeks,
Much sought but only whilst untasted prais'd;
Content and innocence, with rosy cheeks,
Enjoy the simple shed their hands have rais'd.

On a grey rock it stands, whose fretted base
The distant cat'ract's murm'ring waters lave;
Whilst o'er its grassy roof, with varying grace,
The slender branches of the white birch wave.

Behind the forest fir is heard to sigh,
On which the pensive year delights to dwell;
And, as the gazing stranger passes by,
The grazing goat looks up, and rings his bell.

Oh! in my native land, ere life's decline,
May such a spot, so wild, so sweet, be mine.

[*Ibid.*]

PARISIAN MANNERS,

From "A Sketch of the Present State of France;" by an English Gentleman.

It is certain that much of the frivolity of the French metropolis arises out of the laxity of publick attention to the proceedings of its rulers. How this frivolity shews itself is very various, but general examples will suffice; and those examples indicate the state of manners. For instance: one may see in the innumerable coffee-houses of Paris, groupes of old politicians surrounding the stove, which generally stands in the middle of the room; the orators ardently engaged in discussing the wars of Turenne, of the ministry of Colbert, but not a single word escaping them on the measures of the day; the younger men talking of the merits of the actresses and actors, the plays, dress, and new books, and equally silent on the present affairs which ought to interest them. A habit of taking tea at a very late hour gains ground very much. Cards occupy the whole atten-

tion of their private parties, from which all rational and useful conversation, and all publick spirit and energy, are banished; and this is their general mode of spending the day. The people in business know no settled interval of remission; they labour most irregularly, at all hours, at the tedious confusion of their affairs. The Parisians deal with each other in the ordinary concerns of life and business as if they were a nation of swindlers and each man thought his neighbour intended to cheat him. All their transactions are rendered tiresome by a number of cautious formalities which impede their progress; and the universal remark is, "The revolution has done this." Every class of men and women frequent the publick gaming tables in Paris.

CHARACTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

SALLIES of wit, and brilliancy of imagination, are seldom the concomitants of a profound understanding; but in the character of Sir Thomas More, solidity and effervescence are happily united.

To face death with calmness, and to meet it with composure, is a convincing testimony of a good life; but to encounter the horrours of tyranny and execution with a playfulness of wit and a liveliness of fancy, requires that self-command over the passions and the feelings, which none but a mind self-applauded

and resigned could at that moment be able to obtain.

That innocent mirth and propensity to cheerfulness, which so strongly marked all the actions of Sir Thomas More's life, forsook him not at the moment of resigning it; for, observes his historian, as he was ascending the scaffold, he found the steps so weak and crazy, that it was with difficulty he avoided falling down them, when, turning to the lieutenant of the Tower, "Pray, master lieutenant," said he "see me safe up; for, when I come down, I shall be able to shift for myself." Upon finishing his last address to heaven, and observing the executioner look sad and dejected, "Pluck up thy spirits, man," said he, "and be not afraid to do thy office: my neck is very short, and therefore for your credit's sake take care you do not strike awry." Then laying his head upon the block, "he desired the executioner to wait until he had put his beard aside; for *that*," continued he, "has never committed *treason*."

EMPIRE OF LOVE.

The universal dominion and influence of Love are thus beautifully described in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warriour's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;

In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THE sentiment contained in the following lines, from the same work, is happily expressed.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

MAGICK.

THE last extract we shall at present make from this amusing production is a note upon

the 5th stanza of Canto VI. to acquit the "ladye Margaret" of the charge of necromancy.

I trust right well,
She wrought not by forbidden spell.

POPULAR belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the dæmons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classick reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote.

"Virgilius was at scole at Tolenton, where he stodyed dyligently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tyme the scholers had lycense to go to play and sporte them in the fyldes, after the usaunce of the holde tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge amonge the hylles alle about. It fortuned he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so depe, that he culdenot see no more lyght; and then he went a lytell farther therin, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and than he went fourth streyghte and within a lytyll while after he harde a voyce that called 'Virgilius! Virgilius!'

and loked aboute, and he colde nat see nobody. Than sayd he *(i. e. the voice,)* 'Virgilius, see ye not the lyttyll bourde lyinge byside you there marked with that word?' Than answered Virgilius, 'I see that borde well anough.' The voyce sayd, 'doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte. Than answered Virgilius to the voyce that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, 'Who art thou that calles me so!' Than answered the Devyll, 'I am a devyll conjured out of the body of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgemend, without that I be delyvered by the hands of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyvere me out of this payne, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of nygromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the practise therein, that no man in the scyence of nygromancye shall passe the. And moreover I shall shewe and informe the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, wherby mythynke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doynge. For ye may also thus all your power frendys helpe and make ryche your ennemies.'— Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he bade the fynd show the bokes to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll, and so the fynde shewed hym. And than Virgilius pulled open a bourde, and there was a lytell hole, and therat wrang the devyll out lyke a yeel, and cam and stode byfore Virgilius lyke a bygge man; wherof

Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly therof, that so great a man might come out at so lytell a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, 'Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?' 'Yea, I shall well,' sayd the devyll. 'I hold the best plegge that I have that ye shall not do it.' 'Well,' sayd the devyll, 'therto I consent.' And than the devyll wrang himself into the lytell hole ageyne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyn with the bourde close, and so was the devyll gyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeth shytte stylle therin. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and sayd, 'What have ye done, Virgilius?' Virgilius answered, 'Abyde there styll to your day apoynted;' and fro thens forth abydeth he there. And so Virgilius became very cunnynge in the practyse of the blacke scyence."

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil are of oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

"Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte mareye hyr and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he dyd by his cunnynge, and called it Napells. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that towne of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppe he set an appell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull awaye that apell without he brake it; and thoroughe that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it styll. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and when the egge brake, then shulde the towne sinke. When he had made an ende, he lette call it Napels."

ORTHOGRAPHY AND SYNTAX.

THE municipality of a corporation town in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, immediately previous to the departure of the Royal Family from that favourite watering place, published the following proclamation:—

Whereas *his* Majesty the king and queen *is* expected to honour this ancient corporation with their presence in the course of their *tower*; in order to prevent *them* from meeting no impediment in *his* journey, the worshipful the *Mare* and Baliffs have thought proper, that the following regulations shall be

prohibited, as follows: Nobody must not leave no dust, nor nothing in that shape, before their doors nor shops; and all wheel-barrows, cabbadge stalks, marble stones, and other vegetables, must be swept out of the streets. Any one who shall fail giving offence in any of these articles shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or mainprize.

God save his majesty the King and Queen and his Worship the Mare.

[*Monthly Mirror.*]

SELF-CONSEQUENCE ABASHED BY SIMPLICITY.

A SIMPLE rustick boy trudging along with a loaf of bread under each arm, met the squire of the parish, who, being offended at the want of an obeisance, sternly said, "Sirrah! I think you might move your hat." —"So I wull," replied the boy, "if you will hold one of my loaves the while."

A Horse for after Dinner.

AN EPIGRAM.

SAYS Sir Toby, "My friend, can you get me a nag,
That will ride very quiet—and serve as a fag?"
"Yes: I've one that will suit you; he's steady and mild,
And so safe in his paces, he'd carry a child."

"A child!" says Sir Toby, "that is not the sort;
Do you think he can carry *two bottles of port?*"

EPITAPH.

THROWN by birth into the vortex of a giddy vapour, which the vulgar call glory and grandeur, but the nullity of which is too well known to the sage; a prey to all human infirmities; tormented by the passions of others, disturbed by his own, and borne down by the loss of beloved relations, true and faithful friends, yet often, too, consoled by friendship; happy in collecting his thoughts, happier still where his services could prove useful to his country, or suffering humanity. This, a brief sketch of the life of Henry Frederick Louis, son of Frederick William I. King of Prussia, and of Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. King of England. Traveller! remember that perfection is not to be found on earth. If I was not the best of men, I did not belong to the number of the bad. Praise and blame cannot reach him that sleeps in eternity; but sweet hope embellishes the last hours of the man who has done his duty; nor does it forsake me at this moment! [*Mirror.*]

ANOTHER.

Mr. Editor,

THE following Epitaph, I believe has never appeared in any publication of our age

or country. Perhaps some reader of the Polyanthos may amuse himself by giving a translation.

O quid tua te
be ! bis ? bia abit ;
ra ra ra
es, et in
ram ram ram
i i,
et eris, ut ego nunc.

ON HUMILITY.

[*From the Beauties of Owen Felltham.*]

He that would build to last, should lay his foundation low ; even the conversation of a man is tottering, if it be not founded on humility. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in colour ; but bruises and breaks with every wind, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use : whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter's chilling blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which appears so flourishing. Like the pyramid he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent ; and still the higher he is the lesser doth he draw at the top, as if the nearer heaven the smaller he must appear ; and in-

deed the nigher man approacheth to celestials, the more he doth consider God, and sees the more to make himself vile in his own esteem.

Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds; it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils, but in a ground that is rich it flourishes and is beautiful.

Moses was a divine lawgiver, a statesman, historian, and philosopher; as a valiant general he led Israel out of Egypt; he was endowed with the power of miracles; he was, as Ecclesiasticus tells us, beloved of God and men; yet was he meek above all that were upon the face of the earth. We are commanded by our Saviour to learn humility of him, that we may find its benefit in rest to our souls. We are sent to the ant for industry, to the lion for valour, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom; but for humility unto God himself.

What is that man the worse who lets his inferiour go before him? the folly is in him who takes what is not his due; but the prudence rests with him who, in the sereneness of his own worth, does not value it. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presume to usher in the day before him.

Humility prevents disturbance, it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. I had rather be accounted too humble than a little proud: even in gold the stiffest is the basest; but the purest is the most ductile.

SELECTED FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MY DOG AND MY SHADOW.

In a solitary excursion through a wood, Major Halden fell in with a man, whose singular appearance attracted his attention. He was sitting on the ground at the foot of a beech tree, eating a crust of bread, which he shared bit by bit with his dog. His dress betrayed the utmost poverty : but his coun-tenance exhibited every symptom of cheer-fulness. The Major saluted him as he rode past, and the man pulled off his hat. Do you see ? said he to his dog, laughing.—What should the dog see ? asked the Major, whose curiosity was much excited by the man's happy looks. The stranger laughed. Ay, said the man in a humorous tone, I wish to make the dog take notice of your civility. It is so uncommon for a well-dres-sed person on horseback, and an officer be-sides, to lift his cap or hat to a tattered foot passenger like me.

Who are you then ? said the major to the man, looking at him attentively.

A child of fortune.

A child of fortune ? you mistake, without doubt, for your coat seems to speak other-wise.

My coat is in the right, sir. But as I can joke in this coat, the only one I have, it is of as much value to me as a new one, even if it had a star upon it.

If what you say do not proceed from a disordered mind, you are in the right, countryman.

A disordered mind, or a light mind, is sometimes the gift of God, at least for children of fortune of my cast. My fate once hung heavy on my mind like lead; but care now passes through it, as the wind does through my coat, and if that be a fault, it makes up for a great deal of misfortune.

But, says the Major, whence did you come and whither are you going?

That question is not difficult to be answered, sir. I came from my cradle, and I am now going straight forward to my grave. With these two stages of my life I am well acquainted. In a word, I am endeavouring to soften my fate; but I must have something very engaging, for my dog and destiny remain faithful to me; and my shadow also —but like a false friend only when the sun shines. You shake your head, sir, as if you meant to say, I have made choice of bad company. I thought so at first; but there is nothing so bad, as not to be useful sometimes. My destiny has made me humble, and taught me what I did not before know, that one cannot unhinge the world. My dog has taught me, that there is still love and fidelity in it, and---You cannot imagine what fine things one can talk with, and respecting one's shadow!

Respecting one's shadow? that I do not understand.

You shall hear, sir—At sun-rise, when I am walking behind my long towering shadow, what conversation I hold with it on philosophical subjects. Look, say I, dear shadow, art thou not like a youth, when the sun of life is rising, the earth seems too small? just when I lift a leg, thou liftest another, as if thou wouldst step over ten acres at once; and yet when thou puttest down thy leg, thy step is scarcely a span long. So fares it with youth. He seems, as if he would destroy, or create a world, and yet, in the end, he does none of those things, which might have been expected from his discourse. Let the sun now rise higher and thou wilt become smaller, as the youth boasts less, the older he grows. Thus I compare, you see, the morning, noon and evening shadow with a hundred things; and the longer we walk together, the better we get acquainted. At present I can forego many things, which I formerly considered indispensable necessaries. The shadow is my watch and my pedometer—and sometimes my servant and sometimes my footman. It is only a pity, that a man cannot exist in his shadow, as his shadow does in him.

Well, and what do you say in the evening to your shadow?

In the evening? a man's shadow then is a very serious thing—the best moralist—a real hour glass—a true *memento mori.* When the shadow runs forward before one, still be-

coming longer and less visible, as if already hiding its head in the darkness of eternity, while behind one is the setting sun, and before one a rising star—the shadow then seems to say, thou art on the brink of eternity, thy sun is going down; but lose not courage; like me, thou wilt become always greater; and before thee is already suspended a better star, the first ray of eternity beyond the grave.

With these words the man became serious and the Major also. Both looked at each other in silence. Hem, said the Major, you must go with me, countryman. He took the stranger by the hand and conducted him to his house.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THERE is but one test of friendship: a test by which no one would try the genuineness of it:—and this is, *necessity*: and yet, without that, it is not easy to know whether the professions of our friends flow from the *heart*, or only stream from the *lips*.

TO admonish a man in the height of his passion, is to call a soldier to council in the heat of a battle.

HE was a true philosopher, who being asked how he could endure to be without the pleas-

ure of books, answered, the works of creation were his library, wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles.

IF I can keep vice under, and win upon that which is good, though it be but a little at once, I may come to be better in time.

VIRTUE and vice are both prophets, the one of certain good, the other of pain or penitence.

NEGLIGENCE is the rust of the soul, which corrodes through all her best resolutions; we need only to sit still, and diseases will arise for want of exercise.

WHAT are formalities of religion, if a man's life bring scandal on what he professes?

THE philosopher Anaxagoras, hearing a man deplore that he must die in a strange country, "what matters it?" said he to him, "there is no place where there is not a road to be found to the other world."

THE same philosopher, when being told that the Athenians had condemned him to death, replied without the least emotion, "It is long since nature has pronounced a like sentence against themselves."

FINE speeches are like cypress trees, which are lofty and beautiful, but yield no fruit.

ON eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born to die.

THE MINSTREL.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Poets have long celebrated the "Birth of May:" a thousand bards have lavished their praises on that enchanting season. Last spring I resolved to add one more garland to those which already encircled the brows of May; but as my love of truth is quite as strong as my admiration of poetry, my thoughts involuntarily wandered from the language of eulogium. The following lines will be found a more just description of our spring *of* 1806, *than we shall find in the "songs of other times."*

ADDRESS TO MAY.

WHITHER, O Spring! are fled thy blooming charms,
Thy lovely flowers, thy ever-fragrant gales?
No more the dreary groves thy influence warms,
No more the enraptured soul thy breath inhales.

In vain I wander o'er the joyless plains,
Or trace with eager step the woodland shade;
No bird salutes my ear in warbled strains;
No perfum'd blossoms deck the cheerless glade.

Fled are the rosy charms of early dawn,
Which once inspired the poet's raptured lay;
Now chilling east winds cloud each rising morn,
And wintry blasts deform the evening ray.

Hence shall no bard, O May, thy praises sing;
No muse again shall celebrate thy morn;
Summer henceforth shall wear the wreath of *Spring*,
And love and beauty shall her reign adorn.

PSYCHE.

Briar-Hill, Aug. 1806.

For the Polyanthos.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

By a Gentleman of the Boston Theatre.

Soft Sleep! thou child of silence and of night,
Yet parent wild of sweet illusive forms;
Yielding such joys, as shun the morning's light,
When fierce desire my glowing bosom warms:
And pleas'd I snatch th' imaginary kiss,
Anticipating oft still greater bliss.

Since every heart but mine now takes repose,
While Fancy's wanton sprites their revels keep,
Grant my request, my wearied eye-lids close,
And shade me with thy wings, O gentle Sleep.
And should my heated brain then fondly dream,
Let kind complying beauty be the theme.

Let that bright form appear on which I doat,
Bring it, O Sleep! but kindly to my view;
Breathing those sighs that constant love denote,
And can with ease my thrilling soul subdue:
And while such pleasing dreams my nights employ,
I'll patient wait for more substantial joy.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD SAILOR.

By the Same.

Beneath the roaring western wave,
Are sunk the limbs of Jack the brave!

A jollier Tar was never mov'd,
His skill in fight he often prov'd,
In hottest work he lov'd to join,
In feats of death, he'd all outshine ;
Yet though so great a friend to death,
He clapp'd a stopper on Jack's breath—
Stove in his lights, his soul unhing'd,
Because he thought his power infring'd ;
Then threw his carcase to that flood,
Jack's arm so oft had stain'd with blood.

ODE TO CONTENT.

BY ROBERT FARREN CHEETHAM.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
multa ? *Horace.*

Why do we aim with eager strife,
At things beyond the mark of life ?
Creatures, alas ! whose boasted power
Is but the blessing of an hour. *Francis.*

Far from mortal ken retir'd,
Estrang'd from worldly cares and fears,
With love of learned lore inspir'd,
May I pass my transient years !
And may content, angelick maid !
In sweet simplicity array'd,
In hat of straw and russet vest,
With dimpled cheek and peaceful breast,
Fair Virtue's eldest born !
That makes a palace of a cell,
Nor scorns in humble cot to dwell,
Nor grasps at honour's gilded prize,
Nor pines for light fantastick joys,
My straw built shed adorn !
Still hover with her smiling train,
Around my peaceful board, and purest pleasures deign !

Why, foolish man!
Dost thou with vain anxiety, extend
Thy busy cares beyond life's little span,
Which must, with dart-like swiftness, end?
Why can thy restless mind
No peaceful haven find?
What means this sordid lust of gain,
Which drives thee o'er the swelling main?
Each various clime that bids thee know,
Or scorch'd with heat, or chill'd with snow?
Commands to rove from shore to shore,
Intent some hidden track t' explore?
Which makes thee turn the pond'rous soil,
And urge the plow with ceaseless toil?
Is it, pray tell me, to procure
Stores of luxurious food that ever may endure?

Behold the feather'd choirs, that wing the sky,
How unconcern'd they fly,
And cleave with joyful wing, the ambient air;
"Content and careless of to-morrow's fare."
They toil not at the irksome plow,
Nor with unceasing labour sow;
They do not reap the fruitful plain,
Nor hoard with care the gather'd grain.
Is gorgeous raiment then thy care?
Behold what beauteous vests they wear:
Not all the pomp of regal state
Their painted plumes can emulate;
Yet toil they not nor ply the loom,
Nor with extended cares their future days engloom.

See, mortal, see the blooming rose
Unfolding to the morn,
Behold how short a time it blows,
Then droops its head forlorn!
See yonder flying shaft proceed
Through æther's course with winged speed;
Or see the shade appear and fly,

Apt emblems of mortality !
Then cease to stretch thy busy cares
To future days to future years,
Enjoy the present hour of life,
And banish sorrow, banish strife ;
Be sweet Content thy humble friend,
For she can every pleasure lend,
And seek not out for future pain,
Be virtuous, be content, all other cares disdain.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Twaits in the musical entertainment of LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

O WHEN my farm is taken,
How delightful 'twill be o'er my acres to stump !
Then I'll marry a dairy maid, jolly and plump,
But she sha'nt be as fat as my bacon.
I'll hire a lout to wield the flail,
Small beer shall serve the bumpkin ;
While I, by guzzling home-brew'd ale,
Grow rounder than a pumpkin.
I'll have hogs, dogs, cows, sows,
Turkies, ducks, and barley-mows,
Harrows, ganders, bulls, ploughs,
And I'll dazzle the country gabies ;
I'll get a bull, I'll get a cart,
I'll get the Farmer's Guide by heart,
And I'll get a dozen babies.
Then I'll pet my dogs,
I'll fat my hogs,
I'll milk my cows,
I'll salt my sows,
I'll run my rigs,
I'll stick my pigs,
I'll roast my lambs,
I'll mend my dams,
I'll whet my knife,
I'll kill my sheep,

I'll kiss my wife,
And go to sleep,
All when my farm is taken.

I'll drink just double on Saturday night,
Sitting up with my spouse till candle light,
For I need not rise early on Sunday:
Then I'll prate to my love of clover and barns,
While the dear little children's stockings she darns,
That must go to the wash on Monday.
On Sunday to church, beef and pudding at one,
And the evening to spend,
I'll get drunk with a friend,
Reel to bed, and on Monday be up with the sun.
But on Monday my bed forsaking,
O how my poor nob will be aching!
With my eyes stiff and red,
Sunk deep in my head,
I shall look as old as Methusalem;
While the curst noises round me
Will so confound me,
I shall wish the farm yard at Jerusalem.
For there the pigs will be squeaking,
The waggon wheels be creaking,
Ducks quacking,
Cart-whips cracking,
Turkies gobbling,
Carters squabbling,
Rooks cawing,
Plough-boys jawing,
Horses neighing,
Donkies braying,
Cocks crowing,
Oxen lowing,
Dogs bark,
Noah's ark,
All when my farm is taken.

THE DRAMA.

The moral fable told by Genius' tongue,
The song of other days by poets sung,
The tale of times that are, where Fashion's fool
Is made the butt of sportive Ridicule,
Where Folly's likeness, as she flies, is hit,
And Wisdom charms with gaiety and wit;
These are the themes support the scenick art,
Improve the manners, and amend the heart;
These would we now in Virtue's cause engage,
And rear that glorious thing, a *Moral Stage*.

DUNLAP.

.....

Extracts from an Essay on Dramatick Composition ..By T. Holcroft.

INTRODUCTION.

It may be asked, why is this subject, on which so much already has been written, again intruded on the publick? Have not *Aristotle*, *Quintilian*, *Horace*, and other ancient authors—have not *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Dacier*, and a multitude of French writers—have not a crowd of English criticks, not forgetting the prefaces of the immortal *Dryden*, all treated this subject? Can laws and rules create a poet? or what is there now to be said that can be esteemed as new information?

It may be difficult to answer these questions satisfactorily; but it may truly be alleged, that rules are much more easily given than remembered; that, being the offspring of man, rules themselves are liable to be defective; that it is scarcely possible to say when inquiries into any subject ought to cease; that it is not novelty for which we ought to seek, but truth so clearly stated and

arranged, if possible, as not to be mistaken; and that therefore every new effort, to accomplish this desirable end, may rather deserve praise than blame.

There is still a farther reason for treating the subject anew: which is that there appear to be well-founded doubts, among men of liberal inquiry, whether the rules that have been so dogmatically given, and so long received as the standard by which perfection may be attained, be not in many respects so faulty as to be almost incapable of being observed, in the noblest efforts of the dramatick art. Attempts, therefore, to decide this point, will scarcely be considered as superfluous; and if any true criterion could be made publick, by which good may clearly be distinguished from bad, a most desirable end would certainly be attained.

Of the Purposes for which Tragedies and Comedies are or ought to be composed.

In all the works of man, his present pleasure and his future happiness are consulted; and, in our best dramatick works, these purposes are combined: but too many of our inferiour compositions seldom have any thing but present pleasure in view, and are so far defective in their construction. The pleasure, given by a dramatick work, scarcely can be exquisite, unless the future happiness of man be kept in view: that is to say, unless some essential moral truth, or truths, are inculcated. To the unprejudiced, it needs no

effort of the understanding to demonstrate that this high purpose, in most if not all of our best dramatick writings, has been nobly effected. To the dreadful consequences of *envy*, *deceit*, *concupiscence*, *revenge*, *jealousy*, *ambition*, and all the frantick passions of the mind, no man can be insensible, or remain unwarned, who shall read *Venice Preserved*, *The Orphan*, *The Fair Penitent*, *Zanga*, *Measure for Measure*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and a multitude of those masterly works that exist, as well among the neighbouring nations as in the happy and highly cultivated English language. The first rule, therefore, that a dramatick poet has to observe is, that it is his duty to effect this double purpose, of giving present pleasure and promoting future happiness. *(To be continued.)*

THE BOSTON THEATRE,

It is expected, will open in a short time. In addition to the company of last season, Mr. and Mrs. Poe, Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, and a Mr. Turnbull, are engaged. Mrs. Poe is the daughter of Mrs. Arnold, formerly of the Boston theatre. We understand she is to fill the parts made vacant by the departure of Mrs. Darley. Report speaks favourably of her talents.---Mr. Bernard, who went to London in the spring, is daily expected with a reinforcement.

THE PROVIDENCE THEATRE

Closed on the 17th, with Schiller's celebra-

ted tragedy of *The Robbers*. The character of *Charles De Moor* was performed by a Mr. Randolph, brother of the celebrated John Randolph, Esq. of Virginia. The company have gone to Newport, to perform six nights.

THE NEW-YORK THEATRE

Was to have opened on the 22d. The papers of that day, however, contain no bill for the evening: it is therefore most probably postponed. The strength of the company consists of Mr. Cooper, manager, Messrs. Tyler, Harwood, Twaits, Darley, Hogg, and Martin; Mrs. Darley, Mrs. Oldmixon, and Mrs. Jones. The manager is said to be negociating with Mr. Usher.

OF PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS

Little is yet known here. We have heard of no alterations in their company of last season; except an exchange of Mrs. Wignell for Mrs. Warren!

THE CHARLESTON THEATRE,

Under the direction of Mr. Placide, generally opens the beginning of November.—Messrs. Bates, Harper, Sully, Clark, and Claude, Mrs. Placide, Mrs. Harper, and Mrs. Claude, we believe are to be the principal performers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The first volume of "The Dramatick Works of William Dunlap" is now ready for delivery. The volume is handsomely

printed, and embellished with a portrait of Mrs. Wignell, (now Mrs. Warren) engraved by Edwin. It contains four pieces—"The Father of an only Child," a comedy—"Leicester," a tragedy—"Fontainville Abbey," a tragedy—and "Darby's Return," an interlude. The first of these pieces was published, and met with a flattering reception, in 1788, under the title of "American Shandyism." It was the first American play that issued from the press.—*Leicester* and *Fontainville Abbey* have been performed at the New-York theatre, and met with success. They are written in blank verse, and contain many noble and moral sentiments, frequently embellished with language highly poetical.

We venture to say thst Mr. D. *deserves*, and we hope he will *receive*, the patronage of all who think

That Genius may be born this side the ocean;

and can read with pleasure the modest productions of an indigenous moralist.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Dunlap contemplates publishing a History of the American Stage, from the first performances of the Old American Company under Mr. Hallam, to be interspersed with memoirs of the principal performers, the materials for which he is now collecting.

A New Translation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, to which are added Miscellaneous Poems, original and translated, has been lately publish-

ed by E. Sargeant, New-York. As a specimen of the poetry, we copy from the Miscellaneous Poems, without any great preference, the 5th and 6th Sonnets.

V.

COWPER, assertor of the moral song,
Thou England's glory, in degenerate days,
And just inheritor of ancient praise,
How shall I speak thy worth, nor do thee wrong?
Unforced by art, in native vigour strong,
Thy pure, and simple, and pathetick lays,
Replete with thought, and bright with fancy's rays,
Proclaim thee first amid the tuneful throng;
Yes! in thy verse a secret charm we find,
A charm not taught, and ne'er attained by art,
At once it gratifies, and fills the mind,
And softens, wakes, and meliorates the heart.
'Tis that we trace thy mind, and virtues here,
And that we know, and feel thee still sincere.

VI.

O BURNS, when I peruse thy nervous page,
Where, scenes adorned by genius' brightest hues,
And pathos' softest tints, the spirit views,
Feelings, at once of mingled scorn and rage,
Will rise against the proud and selfish age,
That wondered at thy wild unlettered muse,
And while it praised, yet, niggard, could refuse
The proper meed; nor raised thee to the stage,
Where God and nature destined thee to ſtand;
Whence had we seen thy genius all displayed,
And streaming splendour o'er thy native land,
All thy bright soul in warm effulgence rayed;
But left thee on bleak poverty's dark strand,
Where sweeps the surge, and chilling blasts invade.

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Mrs. Darley.